By JOHN A. SPRING.

'After McClellan's retreat from the voice of a people mute in sorrow; the Peninsula, City Point, on the James spirit of a Nation draped in crape!

When I returned to our tent the sad River, became the base of supplies for the Armies of the Potomac and the James, and later on the site of Gen. Grant's headquarters. and deeper, fixed upon our youthful com-rade, little Jack, who was sitting by the

The "Point," as it was generally called in the army offered to an observer stand-ing on an elevated position a most varieing on an elevated position a most variegated and unique spectacle, in which the numberless tents of all sizes and shapes predominated, although blockhouses, board "shanties," warehouses constructed of lumber and some brick buildings were also scattered here and there.

I do not believe that anywhere in the light war such efforts.

world up to our civil war such efforts had been put forth by any nation toward affording their troops such gratuitous supplies in the shape of free gifts, as the population of these United States assembled in that vast center of distribution in the shape of books, clothing, delicacies, tobacco, pipes and what not. The James River, which divided the

camp in two parts, was continually alive with shipping of every description; steamers carrying the wounded to the Northern hospitals and bringing in return the convalescent ones and recruits to fill up the ranks sadly thinned by the Wilderness campaign and the frequent bloody recon-noisances and attacks in front of Peters-burg and along the Weldon Railroad; easting vessels laden with ammunition lumber and ordnance stores, as well as hospital supplies, were unloading daily at the many small wharves constructed for that purpose, while innumerable tug and dispatch boats shot hither and thither, seeking a path through the labyrinth of

Leaving aside the military aspect of the place, which was, of course, quite con-spicuous, and taking into consideration only the general appearance of the place and its ceaseless activity. City Point and its surroundings bore a strong resemblance to the outskirts of the Russian City Nijni-Novgorod on the river Volga during the time of its annual fair.

All the wounded of the Armies of the Potomac and the James were taken,

after preliminary hasty treatment in case of urgent necessity at the division hospitals near the front, to the immense hos-pital at City Point, which consisted almost entirely of so-called hospital tents, in each which were 12 beds.

To one of these tents I was taken on

April 3, 1865, having been wounded by a musket ball in the right shoulder at the sterming of the Southside Railroad on the All the occupants of our tent were

wounded men; we were treated by a very gentlemanly Surgeon and attended by an experienced and faithful civilian nurse. My wound was not very serious, and allowed me to move about freely, with my right arm in a sling, between the visits of the surgeon. In the middle of the tent lay a member of a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment who, I was told, had been brought in shortly after the battle of Five Forks. He was shot through the right lung, and had also received a severe saber cut diagonally across the left side of his skull, descending as far as the eyebrow. At the time of my arrival he was already very low, and it was evident even to a casual observer that death had selected him for a victim. This man attracted the attention and obtained the good will and sympathy of every one in the tent; partly on account of the spiritual beauty partly on account of the spiritual beauty of his features, which resembled in a high degree those we generally see on pictures representing the face of the Nazarene, while undergoing torture and agony, and the large, soft, blue-gray eyes, which seemed to bespeak in suffering silence the good-will of the beholder; partly also by reason of his great patience and courageous bearing of severe physical pain and in expectation of the autroaching dissoin expectation of the approaching disso-lution, of which his mind was undoubtedly lution, of which his mind was undoubtedly aware. He spoke but little; still, the few words he uttered and his whole manner gave proof of a gentle and refined nature

The seldom enough that a junior officer and training.

It is seldom enough that a junior officer and training.

"Your Honor, please, and gentlemen of finds himself in a position of advanced on the part of the jury." A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury is the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the jury, and the jury set when the winner fell with the prevent in the more of with a self-of-winner fell wounded on the burstlefield of him from duty. He lived in self-of-winner fell with the sex jury and the jury set fell with the more of with the prevent in the more of with a self-of-winner fell with the sex jury. A few years ago my only brother fell wounded Then, he was well mannered, polite in speech, obliging in his actions (he would fetch and carry with great good will not-withstanding his hert), and could sing like a very bird. He was never intrusive, but always would politely ask first if we would like to hear him sing. He sang so sweet-ly and softly that his music was restful even to a patient suffering from severe pain. His repertoire was quite extensive, but embraced for the most part the war songs of those days, like "John Brown's Knapsack." "Now I Hear the Bugle Sounding," etc.

The song he said he liked best, and which he sang with youthful enthusiasm fairly sparkling in his beautiful eyes, was "We Are Coming, Father Abr'am, Three Hundred Thousand Strong!" Although he was fairly bursting with patriotism, he would still do his best to subdue his voice to suit his peculiar surroundings, and he was always asked to sing that song by the dying Pennsylvanian, who would make him sit by his bedside and listen to the little darling's voice with moistened eyes,

Richmond. He visited a few of the hospital tents at City Point, ours among the number. He shook hands with us, bade tain to be used the power of deus rejoice, and said: "Re of good cheer. But while he paused the power of deus rejoice, and said: "Re of good cheer. But while he paused the power of deus boys; we are at the beginning of the end cision was taken from him. The cabinat last." When the President took the peared on deck for his morning's allowlatter's features assume an expression of heavenly beatitude and heavy tears of un-

utterable happiness flow down over his cheeks into his curly blonde beard.

The morning of April 15 was foggy along the banks of the James. A light drizzling rain was falling when I stepped out of our tent to take a little stroll before breakfast. A mysterious, oppressive silence was noticeable everywhere, which caused an indefinable, unaccountable sensa-tion of unrest or impending calamity, felt but not to be described. When I approached the large tent of the Sanitary Commission, I heard weeping inside, weeping of that nature which tells the listener ing of that nature which tells the listener of heartrending, convulsing grief too heavy for words. Having become acquainted with two ladies of the establishment, I lifted the tent flap and announced my presand two gentlemen were sitting and stand-ing around a table in the front part of the tent. A telegram lay open before them on the table. Silently they handed it to me For a moment my heart stood still; then it relieved itself in tears which flowed freely. "Lincoln murdered!" He who during four years of unremitting toil and anxiety, which had engraven upon his features the unmistakable lines of care. had safely steered the ship of state through a thousand perils; he whose sugac-ity, courage, wisdom, perseverance and patriotism had saved our Union; he who but a few short days ago had shaken this my now trembling hand with encouraging

The Captain attempted a feeble excuse for the culprit, for the term "lubberly' had cut him to the quick, but his weal

wounded man's bedside, making heroic ef-forts, interrupted by choking sobs, to read from the Testament the Apostle Matthew's

ecount of the resurrection of Christ.

So he stood, alternately casting appeal so he stood, afternately casting appear-ing glances at his junior (whose delight in the situation was so keen as to oblige him to retreat behind the protecting gun at times) and trying to soften the Ad-

barometer!" Here followed language in-

miral's wrath.

To the end of the cruise, however, the Admiral did not cease to allude to the most extraordinary accident that had befallen his pet mercurial, and also to the news had preceded me, and I found my wardmates all in tears. Our Pennsylvanian, who had by this time become very feeble and was fast approaching dissolution, lay with eyes that had become larger subordinates, to the great astonishment of

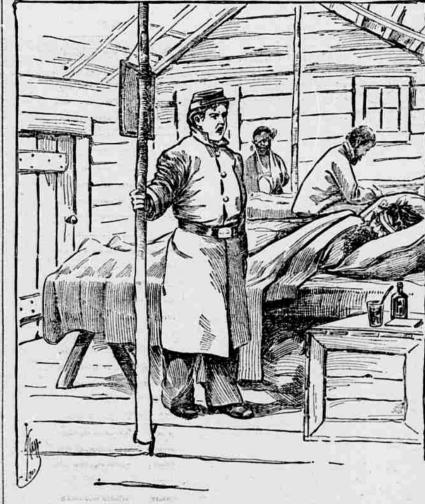
TOOMBS'S DEFENCE OF A SLAVE.

The Old General's Effective Plea for a Negro Accused of Murder. Many incidents are related illustrating

During the evening visit the Surgeon intimated to the purse that the end would come during the night. The wounded man must have felt it also, for he said goodbye to all of us before taps sounded through the camp.

About midnight nearly all of us were all the surgeon in the South before the war. The Columbia State tells of such a case.

A negro man, strong and healthy, but getting gray in years, was on trial for murder. He had killed another negro and healthy had been being in its life. About midnight nearly all of us were had been lying in jail for some time,



"'LITTLE JACK' WAS ASKED BY THE DYING PENNSYLVANIAN TO SING THAT SONG." awakened by the first note of an unaccus- awaiting his trial. The testimony against

awakened by the first note of an unaccus-tomed sound. The night light burnt feebly in a corner of the tent, and by its sub-dued rays we saw to our astonishment the Pennsylvanian sitting upright in his bed though feebly, the well-known melody with the words thus changed: "I am coming, Father Abr'am," here the voice failed with a sudden snap as produced by the bursting of a violin cord. The Pennsylvania cavalryman fell back on his bed-

He had expired like the beautiful white swan in the land of the midnight sun—

FALLING BAROMETER.

It Foretold a Storm, but not of the Regula-(Lippincott's.)

It is seldom enough that a junior officer thus:

the younger officers, whose are were made burdensome to them in ways too numerous mention.

\*\*Bull-way across the Pacific, however, is something took place which changed his conduct for the rest of the voyage.

\*\*It was a fine day, and the ship was proceding under full canvas before a light the possibilities for annoying the office the possibilities for annoying the office more the mercury, stood idly fingering the little chanois-skia bag that formed the bottom of the tube. Suddenly, to his horror, it gave way beneath his fingers, and a shining stream of quick and then glanced hastily agreed with him and Jim was iller.

The Captain uttered an exclamation of dismay, and then glanced hastily agreed with him and Jim was cleared.

\*\*The Captain uttered an exclamation of dismay, and then glanced hastily agreed with him and Jim was a fine them.

\*\*To didn't know Benny, did you, blie the was parandbaby. His mother died when he was born—his falte was just no 'count. Benny was a great to form. He was like a vilet that blood of the master, he bore him to safety and life, the possibilities for annoying the office.

\*\*The Captain, having exhausted the position of the mercury, stood idly fingering the little chanois-skin bag that formed the bottom of the tube. Suddenly, to his horror, it gave way beneath his fingers, and a shining stream of quick silver poured out on the deck.

The Captain uttered an exclamation of dismay, and then glanced hastily agreed with him and Jim was cleared.

\*\*The Captain uttered an exclamation of dismay, and then glanced hastily agreed with him and Jim was cleared.

\*\*The Captain uttered an exclamation of dismay, and then glanced hastily agreed with him and Jim was cleared.

\*\*The Captain uttered an exclamation of dismay, and then glanced hastily agreed with him and Jim was cleared.

\*\*The Captain uttered an exclamation of dismay, and then glanced hastily agreed with him and Jim was a fine the flesh the blood of the man mingling with the blood of the was a fine the.

\*\*You didn't know Benny, did

The Captain uttered an exclamation of dismay, and then glanced hastily around to see if anyone had observed his mishap. The officer of the deck was pacing the bridge, his eyes fixed on the horizon, and to the Skipper's relief, he saw no one else. Calling up a sweeper, he bade him clear away the mercury that was quivering along in the seams of the deck, and was turning away, resolved that this should go down in the list of unexplained accidents, when a face with a distinct grin muon it rose from behind a gun on the port upon it rose from behind a gun on the port side. The face belonged to a young watch-officer, who had evidently been taking in the whole scene with a great deal of en-

The Captain stood for a moment, under Then came the visit of President Lin-oln to the front after the surrender of ing for silence on the part of his junior officer, or, by confessing his clumsiness, to expose himself to the cutting remarks cer-

to consult the barometer before ascending to the poop-deck, and this he now proceeded to do, focusing his eye-glasses of 'set fair," where he naturally expected to see the mercury. With growing astonishment his eye traveled down the tube, but he did not wait to reach the bottom. Whirling about, his face red with excitement, shouted

"Call all hands, Captain. Take in all sail! Secure the guns! We're going to have a hurricane!" For a while everything was in the wildest hurry. Men swarmed up the rigging and over the decks, the Boatswain's whisle rising shrill above the scurry and clat-

In an incredibly short time the ship ocked lazily up and down under bare poles, while away to the distant sky-line the sea stretched sapphire blue, with here and there a little, white billow ruffling its

caceful surface.
All stood in attitudes of expectation, waiting for the threatened storm, and the Admiral, having done all in his power to avert disaster, turned again to the barometer to ascertain the exact point to which the mercury had fallen.

To his utter surprise his gaze explored

the tube to the bottom, and still no merfew tell-tale globules which the sweepe failed to gather up.

The Admiral stared at them for a mo ment in awful silence, and then, indeed

words, dead, murdered!

Oh, what a day was that 15th of April.

1865, at City Point on the banks of the James! at the front! in all the land! The

with outstretched, uplifted right hand, and from his wide open mouth came distinctly, "Will your honor, please mark me for

"Will your honor, please mark me for the defense?"

It was Gen. Robert Toombs. His face was wrinkled with age, but it was large and strong, and the lines of intellect made deeper wrinkles than those of age. His white hair rolled back in curls from a splendid brow. His form was large and straight, although his movements were slow with the years. His expessifil flashed as when he stood in the Senate Chamber at Washington.

The witnesses all seemed unfriendly toward the prisoner. In his own statement he claimed that the killing was in self-defense.

Gen. Toombs analyzed the testimony of the eye-witnesses, and then concluded thus:

"Your Honor, please, and gentlemen of the jury: A few years ago my only brother fell wounded on the battlefield of the strong and the particle of the particle of the property of the particle of the particle of the property of the particle of

The Fight Against Disease.

Hitherto, about the only preventive or curative antitoxine whose qualities are not disputed have been the serums used for the treatment of diphtheria and lock jaw, and the lymph used in vaccination. Announcements that cancer, tuberculosis, bubonic plague, cholera, typhoid and even trables are curable by this method have not proved generally satisfactory, in spite of some instances of marked success. Yet, attempts are still made to add to the list of diseases that may be treated by scrotherapy. The latest is scarlet fever, regarding which Dr. Charlton, of McGill University, Montreal, announces that he has made a serum able to counteract the poison of the microbe that produces the after-effects so much feared in this disease. The Fight Against Disease. after-effects so much feared in this disease. This is not the specific microbe of the malady, but Dr. Charlton believes that it does most of the mischief. A German, Dr. Menzel, claims that he has added to

We have read of the fabulous wealth which the Spanish conquerors of Pern found among the Incas. But all South America has not produced as much gold in 250 years as the United States has produced in the last half century. Up to the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1902, we md produced, all told, \$2,144,476,297 in gold, and \$814,234,673 in silver, making a grand total of \$2,958,710,970. To trans-port this vast sum (allowing 10 tons to each car) would require six trains of 50 freight cars each, for the gold, and 49 trains of 50 cars each for the silver. If we should place these trains in line they would stretch 20% miles, and, if this treasure were equally distributed, it would provide \$2 for every man, woman and child in the world.

The United States produced about one

The United States produced about one-half more of the precious metals than any other country, and 30 per cent. of the world's product. The output of gold has more than doubled in the past 10 years; and the Director of the Mint states that in the Cripple Creek district the "reserves (of gold) in sight are enormous."—Success.

How It Looked to Him. (Puck.)

Bridegroom (as the carriage suddenly tops)—What's the matter driver? Coachman.—The horse has just thrown shoe, sir! Bridegro -Great Scott! Do the horses know we are just married?

BY ROSE WILLIS JOHNSON.

The house-boats tugged at the ropes groaning. There was a soft lapping of waves, and Prairie Belle plowed past, her stern wheel making a path of silver through the oily green. The little Pillows watched her lazilii

"Let's go 'shope, 'Phim." Andley suggested. "It's lonesome. Wisht I'd went with daddy!"

Seraphim reached back to a refractory button. She was slim, quick, dark—the brains of the family. Andley was the commonplace "middle," Aristotle the baby. "All right," she said. "Let's! There are berries down by Auntie Hibbard's. Come on—it won't be supper time till daddy comes, if that's to-morrow!"

There was a quiet evodus across the

There was a quiet exodus across the plank, along a path worn by their feet. They were barefoot all; Seraphim's discouraged button gave up, and rolled away in the mud. Audley had the brim of a hat, and Aristotle—dear little chubby "Totle!"—hadn't even a brim. But the sunshine of contentment radiated from

each face Rabbit Hollow lay green and still under cloudless skies. The path made many turns, ending at Auntie Hibbard's.

Auntie Hibbard was the poorest person n Rabbit Hollow, and was aunt to every-ody's children. Her hut stood close to the grade, behind a clump of marsh wil-lows. There were hollyhocks in profusion, white, pink and red, and the broad, kindly faces of sunflowers leaned against the whitewashed walls.

Auntie Hibbard had grown old in this spot. She was a happy soul—poverty never hurt her. There is a painful stage of poverty; she and the little Pillows had slipped past that. With nothing to con-ceal, no pretensions to keep up, there was

little to distress.

A cheerful, monotonous bang-bang troubled the lazy air. Scraphim stopped wonderingly. "Why!" she exclaimed, "Auntic Hibbard's in the loom!"

Audley looked vacantly at his sister and back across the heat-glimmering garden. The girl pressed forward. "For goodness' sake, Auntie," she said, "what are you A 'kerchiefed white head peered around

at her.

"Come in, 'Phim; come in!" she smiled.

"Set. Why, darlin,' I'm got a job. I ain't had nothin' better'n knittin' this long time.

The lovely rain we had a week ago brought me a great good luck."

"It wasn't a lovely rain, either," Audley pouted. "We couldn't play out a bit. We proceed the state of the state

wanted berry cobbler, and couldn't get the

—it larned ye." She came back to her theme. "It rained hard, dear, ye remember. A carriage came down the grade—stopped at me door. A Vision go out—a Vision, Seraphim. It was never no common mortal like, you and me."

Seraphim waited, with looks of awe.

"She had smiling eyes," Auntic continued. "She was yery young. The silk of the corn curled 'gound her pretty neck. She talked wi' me and was in no baste.

She talked wi' me, and was in no haste, though the clouds broke. She spied my

know I step soft yet—though its five years gone—and listen for his little

creamy whiteness and folded away. Then Auntie and her loyal comrades waited for

malady, but Dr. Charlton believes that it does most of the mischief. A German, Dr. Menzel, claims that he has added to our list still another serum, which is effective against rheumatism, the microbe of which disease has been isolated in that country by Dr. Fritz Meyer. Time alone can show whether or not these discoveries are to be placed in the list of complete successes.—Success.

Uncle Sam's Gold Product.

We have read of the fabulous wealth

The little Pillows saw her carriage pass one day. Where the road bends to the river, tall, plume-like, fiery weeds run r The little Pillows saw her carriage pass

Auntie was sitting on the step, a gentle joy shining in her young eyes. She held

up something triumphantly.
"I've got it, Seraphim! She was good
as her word. Ten dollars, in shining
gold! Dear Ben-dear little Ben! He seems so little and so lonely in his marked grave!"

"Shall we go now?" 'Phim asked, but Auntie shook her head. "In the mornia,' darlin'. Better you'd leave Oddie and 'Totle to home, for we'll be long gone. It'll take time to tell the marble-man just how we want it done. To-morrow we'll go. I need things—things to eat and wear, and Winter is comin.' But Ben shall have his stone—granny's little man!"

The children were admiring the piece of

gold. Even 'Totle was allowed to hold it in his chubby fist. Very reluctantly he gave it back, sighing deeply when Auntie's

gave it back, sighing deeply when Auntie's pocket hid it from view.

"I vish him drow!" he said. "I vish him drow dret bid! "Totle want him, too!"

The children lingered long that evening, castle-building. Then they trotted cheerfully homeward. "Phim in the lead. They paused where the red weeds grew, and Addie began slaying the gorgeous blossoms. "Oh, don't!" "Phim remonstrated. "See how pretty they are! Why"—

Something shone at her feet and she pounced upon it. "A pretty!" she called, evading their uplifted, grasping hands. "I've got n—why, it's money!"

Audley pressed up eagerly. "Yes'r!" he

cried; "white money—like Daddy's! Daddy'll take it!"

'Phim put her hand resolutely behind her. "No, he won't." she said. "He shan't know. It's mine—I found it. It's going to buy things for Auntie—coffee and things—so she won't be loser over Benny's stone!"

'Phim's engerness took her early to

Benny's stone!"

'Phim's eagerness took her early to Auntie's hut. She pictured is swept and garnished, Auntie ready. But she found none of these things. Everything was disarranged. Auntie sat on the step, her 'kerchief awry, and the look on her face struck dismay to the soul of her little friend.

"it's gone," Auntie said, lifting up her eyes. "The money is gone. Benny will never have his stone."

"Phim leaned blankly against the wall.
"Gone!" she echoed. "Gone! Where?"
Auntie's hand, from force of habit, went
o her pocket. It had groped there hopeto her pocket. It had groped there hope-lessly at intervals all night. The old face —altogether old now—turned to her, and her voice was sharp with a pain which the years had been secretly nourishing. —'It's gone, Seraphim—gone. Not lost— gone. See, there is no hole in my pocket, and the pocket is deep. If it had fallen I should have heard. I've gone over every inch of the floor on hands and knees. There's not a crack it could lodge in. It's gone—taken."

gone—taken."
"Taken? Why, who's been here,

Auntie?

Auntie?"
"You children."
She said the words quietly. There was heart-break in the tone, and she turned away her face. In the hush she felt, but did not see, the crimson blood rise to 'Phim's brow and ebb away.
"We didn't take it!" the child said. "You know that."
The old woman made no answer. She

The old woman made no answer. She The old woman made no answer. Sue sat with clasped hands, in geptle, rocking posture of resigned but poignant grief. 'Phin's little trembling hand was in her pocket. It came out impulsively. "Oh, Auntie!" she said, with sudden, low weeping. "Auntie, I don't know anything about your loss. But maybe Benny thing about your loss. But maybe Benny thing about your loss.

rery of grief and rage.

"You little wretch—you little wretch!"
she shrilled. "You stole my money—behold the evidence against you. You stole
it and gave it to your triffin' ma. This is
your part—hush money. And I loved
you!"

heart as the spasm passed over. Then she stooped for the despised coin and

as he was, that God's free whole good to some one always?

"Ye got the cobbler next day, doubtless," sionate storm. "I think you are crazy, she said gently. "The waitin' did ye good —it larned ye." She came back to her —it larned ye." She came back to her —watched bard, dear, ye remem—bard."

"It rained bard, dear, ye remem—bard."

"It rained bard, dear, ye remem—bard."

hard!"
Auntie watched the children, stern and silent till they turned the bend. Then the lines of her face broke up. "Guilty!" she said. "Guilty! Ben, you'll have to give up. But I—I give up something more. Them children—oh, I'll never believe in anyone again!"
Out on the ever-brightening Wabash 'Phim struggled with the first tremendous Thim struggled with the first tremendous

grief of her life. Benny's stone had fallen bit, broken sugar bowl and my mother's upon and crushed her. loom. 'Can you wenve?' she asked, and I laughed at her. 'Sure,' I said. 'Granny,' to feel the need of prayer. "God" sudsite said, 'weave me a pair of blankets. If you will I'll give you \$10 in gold.' There, 'name had been a word to be used by her father in moments of emetion. Now it father in moments of emotion. Now it was her word. "Find Auntie Hibbard's money!" she prayed. "Oh, God, find Auntie Hibbard's money, and I'll do any-thing you tell me!"

The old woman snatched her coin with a cry of joy, struck through with pain. "Oh, 'Phim!" she sobbed. "Oh, 'Phim!"

Oh, 'Phim!"

But 'Phim stopped her, putting up trembling lips for the kiss of peace, "He didn't know no better," she murnured unintelligibly. "He didn't mean no harm—and ain't you glad?"

So Rabbit Hollow laughed at Auntie Hibbard's folly, for Benny got his stone.

It is there to-day, white and peaceful in the sun or storm. Auntie has long since gone to seek him in the other country; but while she lingered the Vision and the love of the little Pillows brightened a life scarred by many battles.

Why Incandescent Lights Are Costly. "The incandescent light is obtained a an expense of 95 to 96 per cent. of the energy passing through the circuit; the loss is heat. Since the original electrical energy passing through the circuit is from 10 to 15 per cent. of the chemical energy of the coal used at the power plant, the final effect of light is less than one per cent. You can easily see how costly in-candescent lights really are, and there is little prospect of improvement at present The converting of energy into light through heat and electricity means the transformation of energy twice into heat—that is, into a disorganized form—and the total loss is tremendous. The greatest problem in science to-day is to eliminate heat as an intermediary form of energy. There is much more hope of development in the arc light, and that there are many improvements along this line soon to be made is not to be doubted—Success.

After the Explosion. (Philadelphia Press.)

"Ma'am," began Casey, who had bee selected to break the news, "there wor a praymachure ixplosion at the quarry the day, an' "—
"Oh, it's my Patrick!" cried Mrs. Cassidy. "Oh, don't tell me, Ol'll niver see him again!"
"Indade, Oi wouldn't tell ye that

ma'am, for whativer goes up must com Unconscious Humor.

A Philadelphia contemporary has dis-covered a joke in a dictionary, no other than the learned and staid "Century." It is one of those unconscious bits of hu Under the word "question" is the fol

"To pop the question-see pop." No Improvement. Old Inhabitant .- I can remember who ogs ran loose on Broadway.
Young Inhabitant.—They ride on





MEN'S HAT NO. 1.
In soft, rough finish. Colors: Grsy Mix,
Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

14 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

BIERFELDT.—At Tuscola, Ill., March 13, Samuel Bierfeldt, Co. H. 23th Ill., aged 70. Enlisted July 27, 1861; discharged Nov. 21, 1863. A widow, one son and one daughter survive. CARNEY.—At Tuscola, Ill., July 25, 1902, John Car-ney, Co. E. 6th Ind. Caw, aged 78. He was a member of Frank Reed Post, 409. A widow and four daughters survive.

"Oh, Auntie!" she said, with sudden, low weeping. "Auntie, I don't know anything about your loss. But maybe Benny can have his stone. Here's some money—take it! I found it going home 'last night. It's silver money—oh, is it big enough? Daddy buys everything with this kind!"

Auntie reached for the coin convulsively, turning it over and over. As she looked her face hardened and whitened. Then she threw the piece from her with a cry of grief and rage.

"You little wretch—you little wretch!" she shrilled. "You stole my money—behold the evidence against you. You stole it and gave it to your triffin' ma. This is your part—hush money. And I loved you!"

Dankes, 123 W. N., Med. 3. He was taken the or survey. In Judd Post, A widow, two sons and one daughter survive.

Co. C, 1st N. Y. M'd Rifles, aged 62. Enlisted October, 1844. He was a member of Frank Reed Post, 406. A widow and one on survive.

Gordon, Surgeon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon was born in Gordon, Surgeon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon was born in Colle, the 1840; read law, studied medicine, and taught should in 1844 and '3. He was mustered october, 1844. He was mustered as Surgeon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon was born in Gordon, Surgeon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon was born in Colle, the 1840; read law, studied medicine, and taught shole in 1844 and '3. He was mustered as Surgeon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon was surgeon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon was surgeon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon was surgeon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon was surgeon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon was surgeon, 20th 19. Dr. Gordon was surgeon

HUNT.—At Tuscola, Ill., July 10, 1802, Capt. O. P. Hunt, Co. K, 125th Ill., aged 70. He was a member of Frank Reed Post, 499. Two sons and three daughters

Auntie Hibbard regarded him with large compassion. How should he know, babe as he was, that God's free winds blow good to some one always?

"Ye got the cobbler next day, doubtless,"

"Ye got the co

of Mal. E. F. Fletcher Post, 22, Milford, Mass. A widow and two sons servive.

POOL.—At Apollo, Pa., March 12, Wm. V. Pool, Co. G. 78th Pa., aged 68. He was a true comrade and faithful member of Charles S. Whitworth Post, 29. He had filled almost all the offices in our Post, acting as Adjulant on the night before his death. He had represented the Post at the Department Encampment. Post 89 and comrades from neighboring Post buried him on March 19 with the impressive service of the G.A.R. He leaves a widow, three sons and two daughters.

VENERICK.—At Norcatur, Kan., Feb. 23, Wm. Venerick, Co. E. 1424 Ohio, aged 78.

Deaths in Illinois Soldiers and Sailors' Home.

Adj't S. P. Mooney reports the following deaths in the Illinois Soldiers' and Sailors' Home during January, 1903: Eliud Sells, Co. H, 46th Ill.; Mathias Beckhoit, Co. B, 76th Ohio: Emanuel De Vaughn, Co. I, 67th Ill.; Eli W. Parish, Co. H, 14th Ill.; Frederick T. Bruner, Cos. E and B, 3d Ill. Cav.; John Jackson, Co. G, 119th Ill.; Patrick Farrell, Co. H, 96th Ill.; Almon C. Strickland, Co. F, 3d Minn.; Peter Stuckover, Co. H, 123d Ill.; William Melcher, Co. A, 97th Ill.; Class Toddem, Co. B, 132d Ill.; James Grazer, Co. C, 50th Ill.; James A. Thompson, Co. B, 27th Ill.; Thomas Peyton, Co. D, 16th Ohio; John Mohrman, Co. A, 27th Ill. Deaths in Illinois Soldiers and Sailors' Home.

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(2) who were denied bounty by reason of promotion;
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MUSTERED OUT.

survive.

DANIELS.—At Newaygo, Mich., March 6, James P. Daniels, 15th Wis, aged 7s. He was a member of Samuel Judd Post. A widow, two sons and one daughter

survive.

LAWLER,—At Chicago, March 8, Patrick H. Lawler, Co. B, 6th Mich., aged 66. Comrade Lawler was commissioned Lieutenant for galiantry at Port Hudson. His service was from June, 1831, to August, 1855. He was a member of Julius White Post, 740, Chicago, 11

Comrade A. M. Trunk, 79 Nold ave., Wooster, O., reports the following deaths in Post 133, Wooster, O.: John Caskey, 120th Ohio: Judge Martin Welker, Aid-de-Camp: Emory Barnard, 102d Ohio; George Musser, 4th Ohio; Col. B. Eason, 120th Ohio; David Pryor, 102d Ohio; An-drew J. Harvey, McLaughlin's Squadron; Francis Whitaker, 8th Wis.

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